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Frontispiece.

THE AUTHOR OF ONE HUNDRED PIECES.

THE

COMIC MAGAZINE.

Second Series

A FUNNY ARTICLE, WITH A QUEER CUT.

EDITED BY

THE EDITOR OF "FIGARO IN LONDON."

LONDON:

PUBLISHED AT THE PENNY NATIONAL LIBRARY

OFFICE, 369, STRAND.

1833

LONDON:
THOMAS RICHARDSON, PRINTER,
245, HIGH HOLBORN.

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PREFACE.

THE present *March* brings us to the completion of our second Comic *Campaign;* and, we trust, that a file of our volume will be found on inspection one of the oddest files in the ranks of literature.

It has been observed probably, that hitherto we (the Editor) have relied principally upon our *corps* of contributors, and have not thought it necessary to call out ourself in order to give the public satisfaction.

The proprietors, with what propriety it is not for us to say, have however determined to put us upon actual service; in other words they have resolved to entrust the Editor with the writing of the whole of the numbers, aided only by the facetious RALPH RIGMAROLE, whose pen, instead of being taken from a goose, must have been pilfered from the wing of a *lark*, so racy is the humour of his literary gambols.

It is intended, likewise, in the forthcoming, or rather the third coming series, to put the letter-press into small type, so that, if there be truth in the adage, which tells us, "*the more the merrier*," the addition to the quantity of the Comic will increase its drollery, which is its most essential quality.

Trusting, that as we show fresh spirit in carrying

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the Comic *on*, the public will manifest new zeal in carrying it *off*, we, for the present, take our leave of every body who takes our pages. Well may it be said *good-buy* to those who have just made a desirable purchase.

A PARTING GLANCE.

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FOOD FOR REFLECTION.

THE

COMIC MAGAZINE.

THE POETICAL BUTCHER;

OR, MEAT AND METRE.

BY RALPH RIGMAROLE, ESQ.

One Saturday night, as I was passing through the neighbourhood of Newport-market, the rain came down in such Niagarian falls, that being unprovided with an umbrella, I was glad to seek shelter in the shop of a celebrated vender of beef and mutton, known by the name of the poetical

butcher. This man was most passionately fond of literature, especially poetry, and knowing that I dabbled a little in *the line*, he gave me a most hearty welcome. The rain had given over, a few minutes after I had entered his shop; yet going was an absolute impossibility. He was determined to have a long chat, but he made it an invariable rule, never to allow pleasure to interfere with business, which will in some measure account for the following curious jumble:—"Ah, Mr. Rigmarole! How are ye my—(buy, buy, buy, buy!)—I'm *werry* glad to see you. I'm afeard though, it was the rain that made you come dropping in upon us just now; but I'm delighted to see you; sit down. Well, how goes on literature, eh, bad as ever? Ah, I'm sadly afeard its but a poor starving trade! Never was sich times, Mr. Rigmarole! Poetry, now-a-days, is—(tenpence per pound, Ma'am)—very low, very low indeed. I fear we soon shan't have an author worth speaking on. All the old ones are going, you know; we see nothing

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FANCY PORTRAIT—LAMB.

now, as Elia says of 'the old familiar faces'—(that's a beautiful piece of lamb, that, Ma'am); Crabbe, poor fellow! has gone; and what few remain are almost as good as dead. Moore, you know, gives us, now-a-days, no Lalla Rookhs—(that's a nice *tail*, that, Ma'am, make fine soup!)—and we've no Byrons now, Mr. Rigmarole—(there's a neck for ye, Ma'am!)—Ah, Sir, as Rogers says,—no it ar'nt Rogers, are it? no, its Campbell says, "coming events cast their shadows before"—(that's a fine *line*, that, Ma'am; take it wi' you). We shall soon have nothing but aristocratic authors,—fellows who can afford to let their writings go for—their proper value—nothing. We've got enough on 'em as it is, God knows! There's my Lord Porchester, Lord Gower, Lord Nugent—(there's a fine rump there, Ma'am!)—and Lord knows who. Ah, Sir, the Muse is in a most deplorable condition. I'm sure I pities you poor authors, from my soul—(there's a fine heart, Ma'am!)—Thank God, I only rides my Pegasus for

pleasure—(I ar'nt got a saddle, I'm sorry to say, Ma'am). I've got, up stairs, a long epic poem—(that weighs nine pounds and three quarters, Ma'am),—that I wrote some time ago. I recollect I took it to Mr. Murray, and I said to him, says I —(buy, buy, buy, buy!)—Mr. Murray, I've brought you an epic,—(I can let you have it, at five pence ha'penny)—in six books, Sir,—(make a fine hash, that!)—but he said the book-trade was then so bad, he could not have it at any price; and that's five years ago. Now I've just finished a tragedy,—(killed yesterday, Ma'am)—and, tho' I says it that should not say it, sich a tragedy!—(I can't take no less than ninepence for it, Ma'am). I think, when I reads it to you, Mr. Rigmarole, you will say,—(make a fine stew, that, Ma'am!)—you never heard the like; the heroine is sich a creature!—(do very nice with carrots, Ma'am)." This was part of the learned oration that proceeded from my friend, the poetical butcher, and, which, reader, if you are inclined to

hear repeated, you have only to visit his shop, in Newport-market, on a Saturday night, when you will be certain to be gratified.

DROPPING AN ACQUAINTANCE.

EPICUREAN RHAPSODY.

BY RALPH RIGMAROLE, ESQ.

Let maudlin youths the praises sing
Of passions, pure, divine;
Platonic love's no charms for me,
A *carnal* love is mine.

The course of true love, what care I,
If it run smooth or rough?
The courses of good dinners do,
I know, run smooth enough.

Boys may admire the maiden's grace,
That could with fawns compete;
The only grace, that suits me, is
The grace—before the meat.

GRACE BEFORE MEATING.

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WAPPING OLD STAIRS.

Lovers may laud the rosy cheeks
In sentimental slops;
But rosy cheeks I care not for,
I sigh for—mutton *chops*.

Or, love-sick youths, at breasts of snow,
May love's emotion feel;
The only breasts that win my heart,
Are breasts—of lamb or veal.

Or, at the sight of golden locks,
Striplings may prate like parrots;
But, what are all your golden locks,—
Yes, what are they—to—carrots?

A lad may prize the head of hair,
And stare, a fond beholder;
The head of hare—I cannot bear,
I'm partial to the shoulder.

Each happy pair may envied be,
By each unlucky fellow;
I envy but a single pair,
And that's a *pear* that's mellow.

Or, anxious maids may grieve to see
Their dandy swains look blue;
For my part, I like nothing more
Than *cock's-combs in a stew.*

Or, amorous youths may love their "duck,"
Because she's coy and mild;
But who, with any taste, prefers
A tame duck to a wild?

The tale of some fond soul deceived
May make true lovers frown,
But, I must say, it pleases me
To see a *sole done brown.*

"Dinna forget" may suit your swains;
I fear, I should grow thinner,
With such a motto,—but mine is,
"I ne'er forget thee—dinner."

WHISTLING FOR A DINNER—A FINE BLOW-OUT.

A RIGMAROLE.

BY RALPH RIGMAROLE, ESQ.

I must write something—but what about? said I, scratching my head, nibbing my pen, settling my inkstand, and performing sundry other little "odd jobs" incidental to starting on a literary campaign. What shall it be about? I fancy I hear that sly dog, the Editor of the *Comic*, say, if you do anything for us, it must be about —— seven pages long. "Aye! there's the rub!" The or-

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A CHINA-MAN.

ders for a Magazine are as tantalizing as those for a minor theatre: "Not admitted after seven," is the invariable N.B.; so, that to write an article with any chance of its being like those of our language—*indeclinable*, a poor author must follow the example of the Chinese, and confine his *understanding* in a sort of imaginary iron shoe, to keep it within bounds. Really these editors require one's ideas to be as compressed as the element in an air-gun; by way, I suppose, of ensuring the emission of every thing *leaden*. Only seven pages, indeed! A poor author may well squeeze himself into as small a compass as possible, when he is allowed not *half-a-sheet* for his cowering; but I travel too fast on this *rail-way*. The question is, of what shall I write? I know no more than the Monument. I wish to Heaven literary subjects were as easy to be obtained as medical ones: indeed, I have often thought it would be no very bad speculation for a young man, of a fertile ima-

gination, to open a traffic in this line; so that, instead of ordering, like the members of the faculty, a male or female subject, between 20 or 30 years old, the man of letters (who, by-the-bye, not unfrequently, now-a-days, resembles the man of drugs) might desire the transmission of a serious or comic subject between 20 or 30 pages long; or, instead of sending, like the young surgeon, for only a leg, the young author might beg to be accommodated with a *tale*; I am sadly afraid, however, most of our writers of the present day would require to be furnished with a *head* also—but I digress again. Well, then, to think of a subject,—write something I positively must,—"*Necessitas non habet leg-es*," though, as the Cockney said, I don't know whether it has *legs* or not, but it certainly has been in the habit, time out of mind, of running away with every thing. There lies a letter bringing the horrible intelligence of the approach of my quarter-day, and

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QUANTITY *versus* QUALITY.

these landlords are most dreadfully imbued with the spirit of retribution, "give *no quarter*,"—and they take good care to give you none; after ten days default, the sheriff holds a *levee* in your apartments, and the broker is ushered in, who, in seizing your goods, generally lays aside his character of *a-praiser*, for he usually contrives to make out the whole lot worth not one-fourth of their original cost. Ah! the golden days of literature are past! There was a time when an author's labours were crowned with leaves of bay, and now, alas! the only reward a man of letters meets with, is a *bay-leaf* (bailiff);—but I only describe the horrors that await me, unless I complete something for the *Comic*. Yet, stay! Egad, I've been scribbling away here, until I do verily believe, I have achieved the desired quantity,—but how is the quality? let me see;—why, certainly, not the real sparkling champagne, but I think it will do for an imitation gooseberry,—so off it goes;—it is not quite so tart

an *article* as *hoc*, truly, but, I know this, if *they decline it, it will be hugeous.* I'll send it off to the editor's-*box*, and hope it will prove a *hit.*

A SNUFF-BOX.

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A COMIC OFFERING.

AN ATTEMPT AT AN ESSAY ON PAPER.

A COMIC OFFERING, BY T. DIBDIN, ESQ.

DEAR COMIC,

This morning, in hopes to deserve a
Small niche in your temple, I rose quite delighted,
Inviting my Muse, who, *invita Minerva*,
The more made *me nervous*, the more I invited.
"Amuse us, my Musy." Says Musy, "In me
You'll not find *a Muse-meant* for magazine readers;
'Tis time old age taught me less flippant to be,
And, grown grey, to bloom blue, as our newspaper leaders.
Once mirthful as Momus, now sombre as Solon,
I've no *point* my faint fire to put one *semi-coat on*;
Metaphysics no longer can aid me, poor elf,
Till in death I'll have met-a-physician myself;

Besides, I've no subject to write on." "All vapour!

If you've got nothing else, you may write upon *Paper.*"

"*What* paper, in these *hypo*-critical TIMES,

Wou'd CHRONICLE nonsense, or HERALD bad rhymes?

Through the GLOBE, each COURIER would stand still as a POST;

While some *Penny Period-I-call* on at most,

For permission to *Figure O!* name it no more;

You're a beast to suppose I could *bear* such a *bore.*"

"Fie, Musy!" I said, "Write *on* paper, not *in* it.

If *you* won't, then I will, as you'll see in a minute."

Native of Nilish Mud, yclept PAPYRUS,

Till, more appropriate, FOOLSCAP, moderns named thee;

How oft art thou defaced to please or tire us;

Offspring of rags! how oft we've praised and blamed thee!

Porter of pothooks, titles, dots, and scratches,
Warder of wills, and bills, and deeds, and dockets;
Soft son of shreds, pale progeny of patches!
Transferr'd from poor men's backs to rich men's pockets.

Sanctum of secrets, bound by waxen crest,
Or, thimbled seal, by pretty hands imprest;
Fav'rite of females, up, or in their beds,
When thou, in turn, dost turn their hair and heads;
Of man, alternate enemy or friend,
From life incipient to his latter end;
Blacken'd too oft by blockheads, thy sad case
Is hard,—but *soft*, when hand of HENRY HASE,
Or whilom *Newland*, dignifies thy rank,
And gives thee value, current as the Bank!
Or snowy white, or whitey-brown, still we
Oft wit and worthlessness thy freightage see,
And things mysteriously wrapp'd up in thee.

From thee, the stream Pierean oft is drunk;
Thy lines oft line the *head*, and oft the trunk;
Now fair as hope, now blotted by despair,
The harbinger of happiness or care;
The fierce cartel, young Love's imploring breath,
The maid's acceptance, or the felon's death!
Yea! *my* acceptance, too! too oft I know,
Thou hast referr'd to Messrs. Doe and Roe.

Exhaustless ground of all I yet would say,
Yet even thou can'st fail, as it would seem;
Thy pages wait no longer for my lay,
For thou art finish'd, and with thee my theme.

O thou! whose *wipes* oft make the guilty fear,
As oft from innocence thou wip'st a tear;
Comfort and misery of age or youth,
Concealing and revealing lies and truth;
Let not thy *sheeted* spirit haunt me, when
I pay the penalty of scribbling men

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OUT OF THE PALE OF SOCIETY.

For much abuse of thee! nor yet in-*quire*,
Why "Words that burn" have set thy face on fire,
Making thy surface blush for me, that stain it!
Time may avenge thee, to thy soul's desire;
For, as a solemn truth the wise maintain it,
Let dandy scholars to the fair explain it,
Though paper perisheth,—yet "SCRIPTA MANET!"

TIME OUT OF MIND.

THE GOOD-NATURED MAN.

BY THE MATRIMONIAL ADVERTISER.

My name is Gibbs,—old Gibbs of Norwich. My good nature has been my ruin. I never could refuse doing a service in my life; whatever I might lose out of my pocket, I never could find it in my heart. My mouth had an invincible repugnance to purse itself up into the circular form necessary to the communication of the monosyllable "No." Whenever I took it into my head to shake it at a request, it was no great shakes; and my friends always found it difficult to construe anything that I might decline. I am the man, as Pope says, to "explain the *asking* eye;" and, from long experience, I can ascertain, at a glance, whether my

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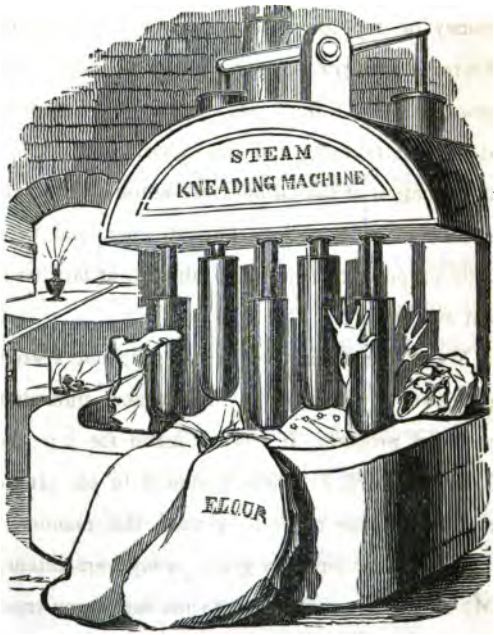

"PAIN À LA MECHANIQUE."

friend wishes to possess himself of my watch, or my waistcoat,—my purse or my pantaloons,—my money or my life. What is the consequence? From a comparative state of splendour, as the newspapers call it, I am reduced to a positive state of starvation; and am, indeed, very much in the situation of the enthusiastic entomologist, who had been hunting butterflies so long, and to so little purpose, that he found himself, at last, without any *grub*.

My grandmother used to tell me, that I would give away my head, or any of my more immediate personal property, if I were asked for it; and, upon my word, I believe I should do so. It was strange, at one time, to remark the manner in which I surrendered my goods to my acquaintance. My coat was torn from my shoulders,—my cravat untwisted from my neck,—my shirt pulled from my back,—my stockings unrolled from my legs,—and my shoes snatched from my feet, in succession. It would make a man's hair stand on end, to ob-

serve an unprincipled father coolly divest me of my wig,—while his unruly and impracticable brats were swinging to-and-fro for their diversion, suspended from my pig-tail! Nor was this all. My house, my furniture, my garden, my stables, and my pig-sty were put into requisition. Some kind ladies of my acquaintance were pleased to admire the elegance of my furniture: at a general meeting, one inveterate old cat took the chair,—another sidled away with my sideboard,—a third turned the tables,—not upon me,—but to her own use,—while a fourth pounced upon my carpet and fire-irons. Did a friend wish a prolonged equestrian excursion? —he ransacked my stables without ceremony. Was his wife squeamish?—my cabbages were decapitated, and they sequestrated my sucking-pigs,—my cows were drawn dry by other people's milkmaids, —and the fruit of my orchard supplied bowel complaints for the whole parish.

My benevolent and amiable appearance has, I feel, been the chief cause of my deprivations. I

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VEIN ALARMS.

look as though I could not say "Bo," or rather "No," to a goose, or any other species of wild-fowl; I am fair game for the base and the unprincipled, and there is no help in me. I detected a little boy, the other day, with his hands in my coat-pocket. He was, it appears, by his own *ex parte* statement, merely warming his fingers. I gently rebuked the child for his imprudence, and dismissed him with a parental pat on the head. The boy, it seems, was so affected by my kindness, that he made use of my pocket handkerchief—to wipe his eyes with, no doubt—and forgot to return it to me.

But all is now at an end. I have no longer anything whereof I may be deprived; I am even out of bread, although it is made so cheap by machinery! I gaze before me, and I see nothing. I look behind, and nothing is there.

"Nought is everything, and everything is nought."

My friends have deserted me, now that I have no more dinners to give, like swallows, when the summer is no more; and, thank God! they have taken

their swallows with them. *Grieve* must paint the scenery of my future prospects. I have no coat to my back, and that's the naked truth. I have not a chair to sit upon; what if I had?—but no matter! Alas! I have given away *too* much! I have *wasted* every thing!

A WASTE-COAT.

GIVING UP THE GHOST.

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THE MIDNIGHT WANDERERS.

BY THE GREAT UNMENTIONABLE.

"Oh, father! what moves in yon forest dark?"
"My child, thy fears control;
'Tis but the branch of yon waving tree;—
Yet hold! Something stirring, I *do* now see;—
'Tis gone!—*'twas the horse patrole!*"

"Hark, father! what rumbling noise is that?"
"Child! child! turn not so pale;
The thunder you hear, rolls far hence to-night;—
Yet hold! and that sudden flash of light;—
'Tis past!—*'twas the Dover-mail!*"

" Oh, father! thy hand,—my sight fast fails!"
" My child, thy sobs restrain;
Look up, dearest boy,—ah! closed thine eye,
And a tear there, too!—let me wipe it dry;—
'Tis fled!—*'twas a drop of rain!*"

" Save, save me! a spectre before us stands!"
" Child, child! thou art frenzied grown;
Yet hold! the sepulchral form I see;—
Pale, dwarfish, and stern, it daunts even me!—
Be calm;—*'tis the five-mile-stone!*"

" Oh, father! haste home! that groan, that shriek!
New fears, my young bosom hunt!"
" Pooh, pooh!" cried the sire with an angry growl,
" You hear nothing more than the cat's shrill howl,
And the sow's deep midnight grunt!"

A light is in view! the child hurries home,
Some minutes its sire before.
The mother springs out,—" My child, in tears!—
Thy father?—Ah, speak! remove my fears!"
" Hush, mother! he's"—" Where?"—" *At the door.*"

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HODGE'S BEST.

LETTER

FROM

A YOUNG YORKSHIREMAN IN LONDON,

TO

HIS MOTHER IN THE COUNTRY.

FAVOURED BY SYLVANUS SWANQUILL, ESQ.

Dear Mother,—Nothing could be Father from my wishes than keeping you in a state of suspension: but, to tell you the truth, London is so uncomon large, that I have been walking the streets ever since I come, and havent yet seen half of them—let alone the lanes,—though, I beleave, I have visitted all the principle squares, wich are composed of the first circles. My cosin George is

very kind in taking me to see everything—(though I always stand treat),—and I am very lucky in having got such a Cicero, as he calls himself.

On Monday, we went to the Logical-gardens, in the Regency-park, wich is one of the cheaf lions now, consisting of bears, tigers, salamanders, and cettera; wich have bean formed into a society. They lay out their money and gardens, both animal and vegetable, so that you have tigers and tiger-lilies, foxes and fox-gloves, dragons and snap-dragons, dogs and dogs-tooths, goats and goats-beard, hawks and hawks-weed, larks and lark-spurs, robins and ragged-robins, all in your eyes together,—for all the world like Parradice itself. First, as you go in, you are struck by several polar-bears climing their pole, by the side of wich is a young woman sitting in a kind of tool-house, with tables and eatables all round. Father on, we come to an iena, which we were told was of a very cross breed: I couldent help smiling when they informed me it was a laffing-iena, for it looked as

savage as savage, but just then the keeper come by, and stird him up, at wich he indulged us with several roars of lafter, at wich I was very much pleased.

There was one most beautiful tiger, wich the keeper assured us was brought over by Ben Gall in the inside of an East Indian, and further informed us, that if he had his own way, he would make no bones of 20 pounds of raw meat at a meal. What a horid mealy-mouthed cretur! There was also a very large lion, wich the same person told us was nothink more than a forren kind of cat. My eye, mother! what mice they must have in them parts! We allso saw an ounce, as weighed near 200 pounds, wich, we was informed, they was used for hare-hounds in them strange countrys beyond seas, as I can easly beleave, if the hares are as big in comparryson as the cats. Between you and I, the Logical-society dont seem to be tip-top-gallant, for I red on the ticket, that none but felows was to be admited on Sundays,—

as if the ladies liked church any beter than them. Speking of churches, puts me in mind, that they make you pay to go in, just the same as a theater, only with this difrence, they won't take no half price.

I was very much pleased with the horned owl, wich I think is the most curious spessimen of hornithology in the hole garden. The beaver surprised me very much: it isn't at all like a man's hat, as I had expected, though it seems to be quite waterproof, wich is more than they are. The ducks and geese are as natural as life; and put me in mind of my own home, so that I lay me down and went fast asleep, and dreamt of you, and father, and Ellen; after wich, I had a very bad fit of nightmare, wich, considering it was broad daylight, seemed very od indeed. I cannot give you an idea of the arches, courts, temples, and cettera, as is everywhere scattered about, both Grecian, Gothic, and Indian; beside many of the lower orders, one of which is a watch-tower, with four

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A GENERAL RISING.

dials, so as to strike every quarter. If I was asked what pleased me most of all, I should say the iron-gate as we come out at: it is like the famous gate of Tartary, for when you are once through it you can never get back again,—not even if you are a subscriber. Many persons go away without finding it out, and so should I, only I dropt my silk handkerchief just within, and had to go all the way round to pick it up again, wich I should not have regreted at all, only some one else had picked it up afore I got there.

On Tuesday, I went to Saint Pauls, as you directed me. It is a very large bilding, and bilt by a Grecian arkitect named Ren. The first thing you see on entering, is a great knave, and then you pay your money. Round about are Tom-Stones and moniments, mostly of a general description,—but some naval. Cosin George, who was with me, observd the bad taste displayd in many of them, wich was represented like naked Romans, with their hair drest in too pees and ques, wich he explaned to me

showd they dident understand their pees and ques in those days. The liberary is very small, and doesent seem to be a circulating one; for the books was very dusty, and many of them not half-bound. We were shown some iluminated missiles, rote by monks in the dark ages, and its astonishing what ignorant felows they was, not one word in seven being spelt rite; in short, I couldent make it out at all. We were showd an old new testyment in Hebrew, rote the rong way, from begining to end,—or, rather, from end to begining. What rum characters they was! The Whispring-gallery pleased me very much; though I couldent look nayther up nor down without turning my head; and when the man told me that "this cathedral was bilt by Sir Cristofer Ren, and completed in the year 1710,—that the length of the choir, including the portico, was 510 feet, and the height to the top of the cross, 404 feet,—that the paintings over my head were the work of the celebrated Sir James Thornill,—and that this

gallery was 140 yards in circumfrence," I couldent have beleaved it. We then went up to the ball, wich was a high go, indeed, eighteen-pence a piece, and a shilling the guide. After we got to the top, we wanted to run him down, but he wouldent. He told us the weight of the ball and cross was 9,000 pound; at wich, George, not choosing to be surprised, told him that was nothing to Saint Peters at Room, wich was double and trible, 100,000 at least; wich you will say, even in Roman Cathoick countrys, as is so full of meracles, is an uncomon high mass.

In the afternoon, we went to the Sow-bizar, wich is a place where ladys will acomodate you with anything you want. I blushed a good deal at first to see so many young fillies, as the French call them, standing in their stalls, and looking for all the world like holesail and retail godesses. There was nothink, but everythink for love and meney: so that its no use saying, "that's not the article you wanted,"—for, if one hasent got it,

another has; and if you try not to be suited, you are nonsuited directly. I have bought a bodkin for you, dear mother, and an apple-scraper for Ellen, also a C song for my father, wich I know it is his favourite key; and a waistcoat piece, for father's was getting very seedy,—and a ring, and a watch-chain, and a spying-glass for myself.

Yesterday we went to Westminstir-abby, to see the poets corner,—wich is no corner at all: allso the Court of Chancery, where we see the great Law Chancellor; and the Court of Common Please, with wich I was uncomon pleased.

Returning home, we saw a man as had just escaped with his life; he had been hustled, and attemted to be pitch-plastered, but, luckily, the plaster pitched on his nose instead of his mouth, and one of the New Polease, of the See division, catching site, come up and gave the Burkers an opertunity of escaping.

As for the play-houses, mother, they are rely wonderfull; the smallest band I ever see muster-

THE CI-DEVANT (SEEDY VON) MR.

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FANCY PORTRAIT—BRAYAM.

ing a full score. Their mellow drammas are rely very touching,—even at half price. So are the actors and actresses, both male and female,—sometimes stabing one another, wich makes ones eyes water, and then kising one another, wich makes ones mouth water. Also the ladys and gentlemen corting in the private boxes, and never once disdaining to look at the performers, and pretending not to hear 'em, though sometimes you might have herd 'em a mile off. The singing is beautiful. Mr. Brayam!—talk of Garrick, I am sure he is as deep as Garrick,—and sings deeper and deeper still.

On the hole, I like London very much; tho' I shall be glad to come home, having spent all my money, without any credit. I have agreed for terms and returns by the Down-mail.

My Cosin George will accompany me; also litle Wiliam, and Susan, and Sarah, and Kate; and Jo, if he comes from school time enuf. My uncle and aunt talk of fetching em home after the

vacasion, wich lasts six weeks; so no more at present.

Dear mother, your dutyfull son,

With best love to father and Ellen,

RALPH ROUGHDIAMOND.

ABOVE PAR.

EPIGRAMS.

BY THE EDITOR OF "FIGARO IN LONDON."

INSCRIBED TO SOME OF THE TITLED WRITERS IN "THE KEEPSAKE."

"Weighty effects from lightest causes spring;"
Thus many an author, with a vacant head,
From one light feather of a goose's wing,
Contrives in every page to pour out lead.

ON A MISER WHO MADE MANY PROFESSIONS OF RELIGION.

Old Ledger loves the Scriptures: yes, one part;
He has the Book of *Profits* next his heart.

ON A WOULD-BE DRAMATIST.

"I've done a play for Drury-lane,
And sent it in," exclaims a lout.
He's *sent it in!* can he complain,
If he should shortly *have it out*?

TO A SELF-STYLED HUMOURIST.

You boast possession of a racy wit;
So *racy*, that there is no catching it!

TO A NOBLEMAN WHO DECLARED THAT HIS VERSES, TO BE PROPERLY APPRECIATED, OUGHT TO BE READ IN SOLITUDE.

Your lordship has been pleased to own,
Who reads your verses, when alone,
Will most admire your lyric art;
I grant ye that of all, who look
Into your bulky M.S. book,
They'll be best pleased who read *a-part*.

ON A SPENDTHRIFT.

He never pays his debts, but yet contrives
To be a general favourite; odzooks!
For, since by paying nobody he lives,
He's sure to be *in everybody's books*.

STRIKING FOR AN ADVANCE.

THE SLEEP-WALKER.

BY THE MATRIMONIAL ADVERTISER.

"I'll lay you an egg," said the hen to the gander, "that I reach the farm-yard before you." —"Done,—with all my heart and giblets," quoth the gander; and, forthwith, a striding and waddling match commenced through the Poultry, that was not a little diverting.—In like manner do I purpose to stride and waddle through the present paper.

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INCOG.

I am a sleep-walker. At all times of the night I am pushing along *incog.* over the tops of houses without a hat,—but a tile under my feet. These peripatetic, or, rather, these parapetetic, propensities, although attended with danger, are productive of incident.

When I first entered the service of old Warble, the professional singer, I endeavoured to restrain my ramblings, by attaching my major to the perpendicular bed-post; but to no purpose. One night I chanced to "loose my chains, and flee" down stairs, and entered the parlour somewhat suddenly, where the melodist was chirping away over a glass of brandy-and-water. The untimely appearance of so strange a *white*, acted fearfully upon the sensorium of the haunter of catch-clubs. Levelling his spoon, with which he was sipping his grateful beverage, at my physiognomical index or countenance, he took refuge, with a shriek, up the chimney. Enraged at this brutal assault, and not a little staggered, I refreshed myself with the re-

mainder of the brandy-and-water, and proceeded to disengage my insensible victim.

With a feeling of delight did I gloat over the person of my prostrate employer. I paid off sundry old grudging scores upon his body. I kicked his well-clad ribs violently, till they rattled like reeds,—I visited his paunch with amazing poundings,—I plaited his legs together into a true-lover's knot; and, after having forced his wig into the epiglottis, or windpipe, I relinquished any further attendance upon him, and proceeded up stairs to repose.

It were a tedious tale to recount the adventures to which this restless peculiarity of mine has, even in the prime of youth, introduced me. I have wandered over the house-top,—I have grovelled in the gutters,—I have paraded the parapets,—I have discovered myself seated on a convenient chimney-pot, and I have been shot at as a bird of strange and fearful omen. Upon one occasion, as I was perambulating some contiguous premises, my foot slipped

THE PRIME OF YOUTH.

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—I pierced a spacious skylight, and arrived like lightning, without a conductor, in the presence of a herd of working washerwomen, all plunging and wringing their hands, and shaking their elbows, and plying their tongues most vociferously. My presence had no other mischievous effect, than that of deranging the nervous system of these ladies, and of scaring an otherwise sedentary cat into the boiling, but unfortunately uncovered, copper. After taking something short, by way of refreshment, with these pleasing nymphs, I made my best bow, and retreated by the same orifice through which I had involuntarily appeared, to my own dormitory.

The only refreshment or repose I am enabled to enjoy, is while I can continue awake. I am undone if I sink into slumber. If I had been the hare in the fable, the tortoise never would have won the race. I should have distanced that amphibious animal, at the same time that I took my nap out.

But my eyes grow heavy,—I am exhausted,—I am falling asleep, and must prepare to go out for a long walk.—Good night!

QUITE AWAKE.

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GOING BY THE POST—GENERAL DELIVERY.

To the Editor of the COMIC MAGAZINE.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

I forward you an article which is favoured by the renowned GENERAL *Post*. Why should we not have *General Posts* as well as *Post Captains?* Wishing the child of my muse may reach you by an early and safe delivery,

I am, dear Mr. Editor,

Yours very truly,

RALPH RIGMAROLE.

A PARODY.

Air—WE MET.

BY RALPH RIGMAROLE, ESQ.

We met, 'twas in a field,
And I thought he would wing me
He came, I made cock sure
That down he would bring me.
He spoke, his words were cool;
His smile was unalter'd;
I knew he did not fear,
For his hand never falter'd.

I wore my Russia ducks,
And I rivall'd their whiteness;
Two slight friends were there,
How I envied their slightness!

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MADAME DE STALL.

I call'd the fellow out,
And there could be no shrinkings:
Oh! thou hast been the cause
Of this duel—Miss Jinkins!

And once again we met,
And Miss Jinkins was near him,
She smil'd and whisper'd low,
I'm sure I heard her "dear" him.
A child was in her arms;
It was his, and his solely—
I cut, lest I should have
To support the brat wholly.

And he will get off free.
But at Bow-street she'll do me
Out of three-and-six per week,
For a brat that's nothing to me.
The world may think it mine,
But they're out in their thinkings:
Oh! *he* has been the cause
Of that baby—Miss Jinkins!

A SPARK FROM THE ANVIL.

BY W. F.

From time immemorial my family has consisted of blacksmiths. We are descended from the Cyclop of Euripides;—

> "Who had a rolling eye,
> Its fellow there was none;
> Shall I tell you the reason why?
> Because he had but one;"

notwithstanding which, a set of *satyr*ical rascals contrived to put a beam in it. From him, by-the-bye, originated the popular phrase, "There you go with your eye out!"

I was born at *Hammersmith*, and at an early age commenced business in *Iron*monger-lane. As I was determined to "strike while the iron was hot," and ever "hit the right nail on the head," I made a

FAMILY CYCLOPÆDIA IN NUMBERS.

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AN UNFORTUNATE ATTACHMENT.

considerable *noise* in the world. I was a man of *mettle*, and, having some *brass*, I determined upon *steal*ing away Miss *Iron*side, who for a long while had *cast chain*-shot with eyes like the LINKS. I had a furnace in my heart, and she threw cold water upon it. I became more *hammerous*,—my *bellows* became louder and louder every day, until I happily succeeded in persuading her one morning, whilst she was arranging her *locks*, to *bolt* with me.

She was the *staple* commodity of my affections for some months, until I suspected all was not right. I commenced a severe *scru*tiny of her behaviour, and found a *screw* loose. She loved me —with a *hook!* This discovery almost drove me mad,—I became addicted to *vice*, and was taken up for *forging*:—this I overcame;—my *knock-down* arguments at the *bar*, and my power of *irony*, got me off. I tried to

> " —— pluck commiseration of my state
> From *brassy* bosoms and rough hearts of *steel*—"

in vain,—I became sad,—I began eating my *nails* like an ostrich, and commenced upon another *tack*. In the agony of the moment, I at one time thought I would undertake the office of *belle-hanger*.

I got all I could *out of the fire*, and left my home. My friends were continually "dragging me *over the coals*," until the world was too hot to hold me. I attempted to hang myself; I succeeded,—was cut down—and was found to be "*off the hooks*." I have not been the same man since, even my face seems strange to those who knew me before.

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GENERAL PANIC—RUN ON THE BANK.

IMPROMPTU:

ON COLONEL BACON RAISING A "*CRACK CORPS*" FOR DON PEDRO.

BY G. J. D. BUTLER DANVERS, ESQ.

Pedro, tho' driven to despair,
Still,—while Oporto is untaken,—
Clings to his *castles in the air*,
And hopes that he may *save his bacon!*

Bacon's *crack* regiment appears,
And then the *Don doffs* all his fears;
So if at last he can't prevail,
He'll fly with CRACKERS to his tail!

THROWING OFF THE YOKE.

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OBJECTS OF AFFECTION.

FAMILIES SUPPLIED.

BY RALPH RIGMAROLE, ESQ.

MR. NATHANIEL, or as he was more familiarly than respectfully termed by his old acquaintance, Natty Gosling, was a gentleman living in a state of celibacy, and a snug little house three or four miles from the metropolis. He was tall and spruce—in fact the very *type* of a bachelor, *long primer*. But although, as I have above stated, Mr. Gosling was

living in, he was certainly far from enjoying, bachelorship. It was, to his mind, single cursedness, rather than single blessedness. Indeed his sole ambition had always been to be bound in that state of superior slavery very aptly termed *High-menial* life. Yet, notwithstanding such was the bent of his inclinations, Mr. Gosling was a man of so bashful a temperament, that the affections engendered in him by the sight of a female were generally more of the nerves than of the heart. Never was he left alone with the fair object of his admiration but his cheeks instantly deepened into the hue of a carrot, "*et vox faucibus hæsit.*" Extreme as his case might be, yet he could never bring his mind either to *pledge* his love or *pop* the question, and consequently he had attained his fiftieth year without having induced one SHARE *amie* to become the partner of his fortunes. Not unfrequently had he made an attempt to declare openly the emotions of his bosom, yet whenever he resolved to *strike up to a lady*, he found he had not the courage to tell her, in *plain* terms, the admiration he felt for her.

STRIKING UP TO A LADY.

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But, although Mr. Gosling had given over all ideas of matrimony, so great was his partiality to the little attributes of a family man, that he not unfrequently figured at the Police Office for attempting to kidnap some child whom he had found wandering about the streets. All he desired was a boy whom he might adopt as his son; yet he never tried to get a little *heir* but he invariably got into a *breeze*. It was not, therefore, without a considerable degree of pleasure that one morning he espied on the show-board of a Chop House, announcing "Hot joints from 2 till 6," &c. &c. &c. the very gratifying appendix of "Families Supplied." At first he doubted if such things could be, yet recollecting having frequently heard of beggars borrowing a number of miserable-looking children to make their *lot* seem as wretched as possible, he determined at least to obtain a son and heir. Mr. Gosling entered the shop, which he was at first rather perplexed to find occupied by a female; however the idea of at length being able to gratify his wishes gave him courage, and he commenced—"I believe, ma'am, you sup-

ply families." "Yes, sir," returned the female; "I shall be most happy to accommodate you. We are all in the family-way here." Mr. G. stared, but could discover no proofs of the construction he had set upon her announcement. "What would you please to have, sir?" continued she; "would you like a little lamb, sir?" "A little lamb!" exclaimed Mr. Gosling; "a little lamb is the very thing I have been longing for." "Indeed, sir!" said the female, "then I have not the least doubt of pleasing you;—I have a most beautiful leg and neck." Mr. Gosling was again all amazement. He cast his eyes towards the upper part of the hostess, and discovered a pair of round shoulders covered with a hide as coarse and as red as her own undressed beefsteaks. "What would you please to like with your lamb?" continued she; "would you like it with carrots, sir?" "Carrots!" ejaculated Mr. G. "No! anything but that, and I know I shall like the hair." "I beg your pardon, sir," returned the female, "but there isn't any *hare*." "No hair!" exclaimed he; "how very strange! Pray may I

CAST IN ONE'S EYE.

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ask do you supply many families?" "Many!" replied she; "I think I may say on an average twenty a day. No one can have any idea of the labours of a house like this." "Why," said Mr. G., "if you supply as many as twenty families *per diem*, I can easily believe the labours must be rather excessive." "Indeed they are, sir," returned the hostess; "we're confined here from one week's end to another." "So I should imagine," said Mr. G. "And pray what may be your charges?" "So much a pound, sir, according to what you have." "So much a pound!" muttered Mr. Gosling; "a curious way certainly of selling children,—and what may be the price of a little lamb, ma'am?" "The leg, sir, is 10*d*. the neck 8*d*. the shoulder 10*d*. and the chops 6*d*. a piece." "The leg 10*d*. the neck 8*d*. the shoulder 10*d*. and the chops 6*d*. a piece! How very curious!" mumbled the bachelor. "And for that it is *delivered* at your own house." "I beg your pardon, ma'am," cried Mr. Gosling, "but that is a ceremony I would rather dispense with,—I should be most happy for you to give me a little

child—" "What, sir!" interrupted the astonished hostess, "you would be most happy for me to give you a little child!—I dare say you would, you hoary old sinner! But my husband shall teach you what it is to come here and insult an honest female!" And so saying she shrieked loudly for her aforesaid better-half; but the very name of husband was enough to frighten the astonished Mr. G.; he burst open the door and made for his house with the utmost possible speed, vowing for the future to give up all his soft ideas of ever becoming a family man.

SOFT HIGH-DEARS!

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IN THE JUG'LAR VEIN.

LACONICS.

BY THE EDITOR OF "FIGARO IN LONDON."

A BLACK man should never take to the business of picking pockets, as it is evident nature never intended him for one of the *light-fingered* gentry.

An hypochondriac will sometimes conjure up to his imagination the most frightful forms. To indulge such a melancholy propensity, may be said, in one sense, to *raise the spirits*.

Bonnets worn at a theatre, when they intercept the view of the stage, give much offence to those that are prevented by them from seeing, and who often declare such bonnets should be *cap-sized*.

Madame Catalani, though paid an enormous sum to perform by *the night*, used, it is well known, invariably to sing by the (*y*) *ear*.

A hackney coachman has constantly cause to complain of the hardness of his lot, for at the best of times his business is *at a stand*.

The sea presents in its waves a very remarkable paradox; for when it is in a state of the greatest agitation its appearance is the most *tide-y*.

Singers are habitually addicted to getting deeply in debt, for with them it is a mere matter of business to run up *very high scores!*

"MY BARK IS ON THE C."

THE BENIGHTED TRAVELLER;

'OR,

THE MEETING OF JAM RAM AND SAM CLAM.

—

BY C. JONES, JUNIOR.

—

What terrors haunt me in this dark park!—hark!
Some distant sound sends horrid fear near here!
And though the moon beams forth a right bright
light,
Yet trees thick-set on either hand stand grand,
And on my beaver'd aching crown frown down,
Wrapping me in their gloomy glade made shade.

And, oh! I hear that sound again! Vain pain
Doth once more through my vitals run; undone
I fear beyond all hope I am!—Sam Clam
Assur'd me he would meet me near here—dear!
I hope to heaven he'll not delay—hey-day!
What grisly form a-head doth my eye spy?
I'm certain that it cannot be the tree.
For *ghostly* 'tis in colour—quite bright white!
And, oh! it doth, whate'er it be, see me!
And moves towards me with a long strong song!
Alas! in vain escape to spy I try,—
Yet, hold! I'll in this leafy heap leap deep,
And safely hide me, (if it please these trees,)
Until the danger has, at last, fast past.
But, ah! the goblin comes, I fear, near here!
How will my nature stand his first worst burst?
Too true! for now I feel his touch clutch much
Of me—and soon I hear him cry—"Why try
To hide yourself, Jam Ram?—*I am Sam Clam!*

A BURST OF NATURE.

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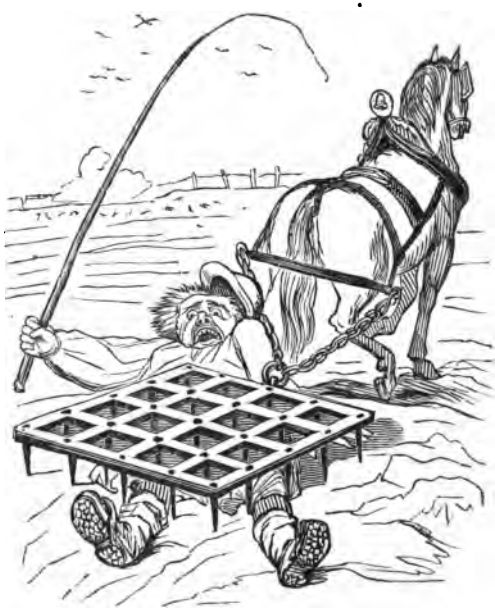

A HARROWING SPECTACLE.

ECHO AND THE POET.

BY RALPH RIGMAROLE, ESQ.

The earth no more is veil'd by night
  Aurora's blushing in the skies;
The emerald grass again is bright,
  On morn I love to feast my eyes!
Echo. My eyes.

The happy ploughman wends his ways,
  Whistling onwards towards his goal;
Ah, whistle on, friend! for it says
  There is no care upon your soul!
Echo. Upon your soul!

All, all is still—the balmy breeze
Whispers adown the grove—and hark!
A robin chirrups in the trees,
And in the heavens there's a lark.
Echo. There's a lark!

Was ever scene so passing fair?
Not Paradise could be more bright;
Who in his bed could linger there
With such a scene to take his sight?
Echo. Take a sight!

Some lovely Nereid seems to rove,
Warbling along the chrystal brooks;
What fairy spirit threads the grove,
Now the sweet lark's forsook his nooks?
Echo. Sukey Snooks!

Yet what's the fairest spot we find?
A stone's as wondrous as a pink;
And deserts charm as much the mind,
As bowers, if we only think.
Echo. Only think!

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS ABROAD.

—

DEAR COMIC,

In the course of a visit to Washington last summer, I had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of a pretty young Creole, who placed in my hands the original of the following letter. It was from an intimate friend of her's, then pursuing her studies at an *Institute* near Cincinnati; and, I have some reason to believe, the same young lady alluded to by Mrs. Trollope in her amusing and much-abused volume—the "Domestic Manners." Having alluded to Mrs. Trollope's account, I can do no less than give it you:—"I attended the annual

public exhibition at this school," says the whig-tory authoress, "and perceived with some surprise, that the higher branches of science were among the studies of the pretty creatures I saw assembled there. One lovely girl of sixteen *took her degree* in mathematics, and another was examined in moral philosophy. They blushed so sweetly, and looked so beautifully puzzled and confounded, that it might have been difficult for an abler judge than I was to decide how far they merited the diploma they received."

Dear Comic,

Very truly your's,

Sylvanus Swanquill.

Collegiate Institute, Washington Flats, Near Cincinnati.

MISS WASHINGTONIA FIGGS TO MISS SELINA.

Dear Selina,

I take the opportunity of one of the college helps going to Washington to see her brother, who is lately got fixed in a store there, to fulfil my pro-

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TACITUS.

mise of epistolary intercourse, and give you some account of our college forms, which, some of them, are prodigious hard, I guess. We are arranged classically, and I am one of the first, where we finish Horace and begin upon Tacitus. Also astrology, geology, mineralogy, and many other of the fine arts, in which we get along by degrees, and I expect I'm just as proud as a peacock to tell you that I have taken a degree at every examination that has took place since I come. On the last public day I carried all before me, dead and living, (languages, I mean,) on which occasion I had on a French-white gauze frock, trimmed with rowlows round the bottom, a pink satin body, (no slips are allowed,) trimmed with French lace, a dreadful fine coral necklace and droppers, a pretty considerable quantity of rings on my hands, and a prodigious handsome gold watch, with an elegant gold chain and seals to match.

Our tutor is a very handsome young man, and I like philosophy very much. You will be surprised to hear that the sun don't rise in the east and set in

the west, as we used to suppose ; just the contrary
the earth does it all, and it's easily accounted for o
revolutionary principles. Then I expect you thin
the sun is pretty considerable warm—specially i
the summer months : but that's just quite wrong, a
you will find if you walk to the top of Mount Kin
borazor, where it is always very sharp : or, if th
won't satisfy you, you can go up in a balloo
which is dreadful rare fun, I reckon ; and the high
you ascend up into the air, the rarer it become
It's just quite easy accounted for by a little refle
tion, the atmosphere that goes round the earth a
ing as a circulating medium. Our tutor, in his fi
lecture on astronomy, said that the planets we
divided into two classes, the superior and inferio
but we told him that wouldn't do for the Union (
is from the old country), and he apologized by s
ing that nature had yet to learn equality from An
rica. He took us out one night and showed us
North Pole, with all the fixed stars revolving rou
it : also Venus and Mercury through the telesco
which he said were covered with inhabitants

A FIX'D STAR.

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this earth, and pretended that with a larger glass he could see their faces. He wanted to show us the Georgium Sidus, but not a pupil could he get to look at it; and after skimming over the milky way, we all went in to calculate an eclipse, which will take place some time next fall, but we haven't yet determined on the month or the day.

But the strangest of all is metaphysics, which some say are material, and some consider quite immaterial. However, I am of a contrary opinion. In the first place, there's no such thing as matter, but all ideas; for an idea can resemble nothing but an idea, and no man of sense would be so silly as to put any trust in his senses. So that if you run a needle into your finger, it's not your finger that feels, but the needle: and the same of sound, for when you are singing Yankee Doodle, it's not your mouth, but your ear that does it all. In the second place, there is no such thing as soul, that being all a modern invention of the parsons; so that if we compare our souls and bodies together, we prove—nothing at all.

In mathematics some of the girls have nearly found out the perpetual motion, and Grace Washington has spoilt all her gold rings in endeavouring to square the circle.

I am now in logarithms, though I guess you an't just capable to say what that means. One of the great uses of logarithms, my dear Selina, is to facilitate the business of multiplication and extraction of roots; so that our gardeners may expect to reap great benefit from them. They also prove that "the factors of a square are equal to each other," as they ought to be, indeed; so that I hope to be able to persuade papa to fix me with young Mr. Washington Smith of Washington Square, instead of old Grey, the rich Inglisher, what lives next door. We shall get along well enough, I guess, and I've no notion of parents trying to show their authority in our united states. I have had a quarter's optics, by which I learnt that white bodies reflect, and black ones don't reflect at all: so that it's just as plain as your nose why us Creoles are such dreadful fine scholars, and the negroes so tar-

nation stupid. By electricity I have made out that nothing collects the sparks so well as black silk; in consequence of which I have sent all my silk frocks to be dyed, and have ordered a new bonnet of the same opake material. By chemistry I have found that water is nothing at all but gas, which accounts for that strange phenomenon we so often hear of in the old country, of people setting fire to the River Thames.

As to botany, I used to think it was full of transports; but now I find it's just fit for nothing but great hulky fellows. For my own part, I haven't looked into our garden for this last two months without having a blush rose in my face—indeed, my dear Selina, I never wish to see a flower again as long as I live: they are right down indelicate. By logic you may prove anything. Thus, take a sillygism of my own:—America is a new country, and England an old country. A new bonnet is better than an old bonnet. *Ergo,* America is superior to England. *Nota bene!* 'Ergo' means proof positive.

Washington Flats is a right elegant place, and all the young ladies are of the very first standing.

But I can't say so much for the young gentlemen of our neighbourhood, for they have very little to say for themselves. I asked one, the other day, how the arts were going on at Cincinnati: to which he replied, "Well, now, I guess they be going along pretty well: Miss Caroline Hart's going to be married!"

Dear Selina, will you be so good as to get me from your elegant stores the following:—a pair of starry globes, both celestial and terrestrial; a piece of black silk for a frock—mind, not a blue black, but a black black!—a sexton; a chinchilly muff and tippet, a Farinheight thermometer, a black silk bonnet of the newest French fashion, a solar microscope, and six pair of French kid gloves. If the dollars I enclose an't just quite capable to pay for all, never mind the sexton, and the globes, and the thermometer, and the solar microscope; but send the others as far as they'll go—and believe me,

Dear Selina,

Your sincerely affectionate

And warmly attached friend,

WASHINGTONIA FIGGS.

P. S. I am glad to hear you are going to Niagara: it is best seen at the Fall. My sister was there last year, and says it was so dreadful grand, that she has had a cataract in her eyes ever since.

Once again adieu!

A POSTSCRIPT.

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SHOCKING EXTREMITIES.

THE SUICIDE-PUNSTER;

OR,

WIT REDUCED TO EXTREMITIES.

—

BY THE GREAT UNMENTIONABLE.

—

Stretched on a bank an old fat wit reposed,
Dreamily peering at the setting sun—
So dreamily, you would have said he dosed:
But that the memory of some aged pun,

Uttered in far-off years, did shew his cheeks
Upon the swell jocose; how came it there
At such a time, that jest so rich and rare?
For such its nature grin so full bespeaks.
In sooth, such grin, unto the prime of youth
Better belongs, than to that wrinkled brow:—
But soft! In strains though hoarse, not all uncouth,
The Punster, lying, breathes his lay—his last, I trow.

"To-morrow, and to-morrow;—and to that
Add morrows four; 'tis then again to-day!
Conclusion strange, which all may yet come at
Punlessly as myself.—
Thou fading ray
Wooing the earth with thy expiring smile,
Thus o'er my spirit, waning to decay,
Doth Momus fling his drollest gleams, the while

Setting death on the giggle;—be it so,
'Twill stop his damned preliminary faces!—
Shaksperian thought!—and of his well-arched bow
Perchance the firmness mar with still more arch
grimaces.
Grimaces, said I? Ah! methinks a vista
Opes for a pun; my dim old brains revive
Beneath the word, as if a mental blister
Did from their depths updraw them;—let me
strive!
Grimaces——yes, there's something in the word,
That other ears, and other years have heard·
A gaming table at the sound appears,
And 'red or black?' is whispered in my ears.
'Red!' I reply, 'the card!—the ace of clubs!'
Well, red again, (a fig for fortune's rubs!)
What's the cut now?—a solitary spade,
With its white speckless wildness around,

Mocking the calculations I had made:
Out, damn'd spot, out! disgusting unit, hence!
Thus, as I madly dash upon the ground,
Myself and stakes—'Hold, hold!' the winner cries,
Tip me my cash, and ere again you rise,
Let these few puns assuage your vehemence:—
Yon lonely spade has dug your gold a grave,
Your hopes a knock-down blow your lone club gave,
Well may such aces black and grim appear,
But that you've won as much as lost is clear,
For sure you'll own, whilst making those wry faces,
That tho' I've beat you *with*, you beat me *at grim-aces!*'
'Tis over—madness seizes me;—a knife
To put an end unto my puns and life!
Yet, to be staked in the cross roads—despair!
Or shoved, perchance, down yonder *lime-pit* there,—

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BURKE—ON THE SUBLIME AND BEAUTIFUL.

Be that my act! I go;—and should men come
Unto the spot I make my final home,
Let them thus write my epitaph and crime,
'In life ridiculous, in death *sub*-LIME!' "

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ENTERING A SERVICE.

THE

DISADVANTAGES

OF A

GOOD CHARACTER.

—

At the age of ten Dan Dawson entered into the service of Farmer Tarraat, in the humble capacity of ploughboy. For seven years Dan behaved in the most exemplary manner, but obtained no increase of wages, so that being unable to keep up a decent wardrobe, Dan's elbows, knees, and heels, were as naked and well-known as his face. The squire and the parson would have been glad of his

services, but they could not think of depriving his master—a poor man with a large family—of so excellent a servant. The more opulent farmers in the neighbourhood refused to employ him on the same plea: Dan had now become head-man; and without him, poor Davy Tarrant and his nine children would, in their opinion, become a burthen to the parish. When Dan ventured to ask for more money, Davy pointed to his half-clad, meagre little brats, poked a tear or two out of his eye, shook Dan cordially by the hand, and hurried off, cursing high rents, assessed taxes, and parsons' tithes.

One day a couple of gentlemen, in a military undress, to decide a trifling wager, as to their skill in shooting, fired at the scarecrow, set up in a field opposite to the village inn, where they had stopped to dine on their way to the coast. Luckily they both missed, for the supposed scarecrow was Dan, meditating on the misfortune of having obtained so excellent a character. This incident alarmed his dormant pride, and the next morning he quitted his native village, on the bar of the chaise, in which

the two officers travelled, with a bunch of ribbons in his hat. Before he went off, he gave ten shillings out of his bounty money to a blind beggar-woman, who had, as long as it was possible, darned his hose, and sent the remainder to his distressed master, with a solemn injunction to lay out two-and-sixpence of it, in buying "a heart with a knife stuck in it, at next Bilberry Fair," and give it as a keepsake to his second daughter, Miss Kitty.

Dan went abroad, and though assiduous in his duties as an Artilleryman, lived a most miserable life: being an object of jealousy to six or seven of the officers, each of whom wanted him for a servant. Dan's character was unimpeachable; but, if either of the lot vouchsafed him a favour, the others thought proper to evince their indignation by persecuting him. Dan wished himself dead: he rushed headlong into danger; "Every bullet has its billet," said he, "and perhaps I may have the luck to get one."

Dan escaped, and a bright change came o'er his prospects. He was stationed for three months—far

from his comrades and superiors—at a Dutch farm-house. The fair Wilhelmina Poggsdorf—his host's niece—soon made him forget poor Kitty Tarrant. She cleaned his horses, greased his shoes, cooked his dinner, and was his fairy—his household Goddess—his blooming familiar—his every thing. Before he could think, what he wished was done—Wilhelmina doated on him, and forestalled his wishes. They made love in kisses.

A hive of honey is in time exhausted, and Dan found that bliss must have an end. He was compelled to tear himself from Wilhelmina and go elsewhere. Her uncle's character was so good, that Dan's superiors ventured to displace him by a ruffian, and to billet Dan on account of his known excellence, on a blackguard. "Curse my known excellence!" exclaimed Dan; but his natural humour still prompted him to behave well.

The corps to which he was attached returned to England; and nine hundred and fifty, out of the thousand which composed it, were ordered to be discharged. Dan vehemently desired to be set free,

DETACHMENT OF CAVALRY.

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to return to Wilhelmina, and become a Dutch farmer. Day after day the corps was drawn up, and behind—beside him men were picked out for manumission—known rascals—and very fine fellows.—Dan's character was capital, and his person far from belligerent; still he remained in the ranks.

At last Dan ventured to step forth and speak to the inspecting general. "Sir," said he, "I wish very much to get my discharge." "Indeed, my man!" replied the colonel, looking at his figure, "why really then I don't see any reason why you shouldn't have it: we don't wish to keep any man in the service against his will—what's your name?" "Daniel Dawson, sir." "Daniel Dawson! Eh! oh, that makes a great difference! We can't part with you, Dawson—can't indeed!—you've too good a character! I'm told you're the best soldier in the corps! No, no, Dan!—we mustn't lose you, my man! Go back!—go back!"

Dan fell in again, exclaiming against his good character, and determining, if possible, to obtain a bad one; but from his natural disposition he fail-

ed. Napoleon returned from Elba, and war was again kindled. Dan, partly through an appetite for renown, but more, perhaps, with a desire to get billetted near the still blooming and beloved Wilhelmina, earnestly entreated that he might be permitted to accompany that portion of his corps which had been ordered abroad. "No," replied the colonel, "we cannot afford to make a man of so capital character, mere food for powder. You will be of more service at home, to assist the corporals in drilling recruits."

Heavy-hearted, and wishing sincerely that he had had it in his heart to be a rascal, and so acquired an opportunity of distinguishing himself, or seeing Wilhelmina, Dan heard of the battle of Waterloo, and bemoaned the medal, which might have been his had he but misconducted himself. In spite of all he could do, his reputation increased: and, at length, he was sent into his native village, in the capacity of coachman to his colonel's son, a raw lieutenant in the regiment.

Long absence and the utter hopelessness of ever

seeing Wilhelmina again, the sight of his first love, just bursting into the beauties of womanhood, brought the soldier to the feet of Kitty Tarrant again. She had worn his heart and dagger in her bosom, from the first Bilberry Fair that occurred, after he had gone away—when she put it into his hand there seemed to be seven years warmth in it—and he loved her better than ever. She vowed that she had lain awake o' nights and heard the guns in Flanders, trembling for her hero,—Dan was dying to be discharged and married to her.

His character still stood in his way: the service could not afford to lose so good a man. First rate, steady, sober, brave soldiers were scarce, and England might still need her natural defenders.

This Dan thought was too bad; and having a sister, who was lady's maid to an influential metropolitan banker, Dan wrote to her on the subject. The lady's maid spoke to her mistress, and her mistress spoke to the banker, and the banker spoke to the colonel. "My dear sir," said the latter, "I should be most happy to oblige you; but the man's

character is so perfectly pure—so utterly irreproachable, that I positively dare not discharge him. He is well-known, worse luck! or we might do something! But, unfortunately, it is almost a proverb that among a thousand recruits there isn't a Dawson!"

Two days after, Dan was ordered to doff his livery and repair to head-quarters. He parted, full of hope, from Kitty Tarrant, telling her to get her wedding favours ready, for that he should certainly return, within a week—discharged and independant—to marry her.

"So, sirrah!" said the colonel, as Dan was ushered into the room of his commanding officer, "you have thought proper to exert influence, have you? But I'll teach you—hark'ye, a score of artillery-men are ordered to Sierra Leone. You shall be one of them. Retire—you will march with your comrades in an hour!"

Hopeless and heart-broken, poor Dan departed, and in an affray with the natives, he received a brace of bullets in his breast. Both were extracted; but

A SOLDIER IN QUARTERS.

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Dan died. He lived, however, long enough to scratch his name on each: and both reached England. One has displaced the heart and dagger on the virgin bosom of Kitty Tarrant: and the other —having been used by the banker in a duel on Dan's account—obtained a permanent billet in the colonel's brain!

FALSE AND TRUE.

Versified from the Exclamations of a male Friend.

BY MISS ISABEL HILL.

Dear Rosa! *votre amant*
Agreed with *de Grammont,*
Till you first deigned enter at *that* door,
' Qu' importe il, apres tout,
Si propre a la vue,
Ou si c'est par art, ou par nature?'

THE FALSE ONE.

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Content with effect,
I used to neglect
All search for the cause of what caught me;
A lady full drest
Was a beauty confess'd,
Till you this fastidiousness taught me.

If a garb's costly shield,
Arm, bust, ankle conceal'd,
I murmured—'Oh, bless her! how modest!',
Nor asked if my loves
Hid red hands in white gloves;—
All women my fancy be-goddessed.

Red and white raised emotions,
The sceptical notions
Of rouge and of pearl-powder chacing;
If a bosom or waist
Appeared to my taste,
I dreamt not of pads or tight lacing.

When lips like the rose,
The teeth would disclose,
All even, small, stainless, and sheeny;
No vision I had
Of the *ruby pommade*,
Or the feats of Chevalier Ruspini.

When ringlets of gold
O'er a countenance rolled,
With bigot devotion I eyed 'em;
And cared not a fig
If a Russian-oiled wig,
Or youth and good brushing supplied 'em.

And as for sweet air—
Enough if 'twere there,
I inhaled it, and what did it matter,
If neatness and health
Bestowed it, or wealth
Expended on orrice and attar!

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APE-ING THE GENTLEMAN.

But if thus I could prize
The world's living lies,
The forged imitations of fashion;—
Zounds! what must I feel
Where every charm's real?—
'Twould put e'en a saint in a passion.

From the curls I see grow
On that forehead's own snow,
Its only cosmetic fair water—
To the corsetless side,
And fairy foot's pride,
You're Nature's legitimate daughter.

That bloom I can raise,
By my glance, or my praise,
I am sad, and the wild blushes vanish;
But your soft hand, my queen!—
I question if e'en
My kisses its lilies could banish.

There's a fault in those teeth,
Through which Hebe's flowers breathe,
  As if love in a hurry had wrought 'em;
But they're far better yet
Than a regular set,
  Such as might have been yours, had you *bought*
    'em.

There's something so true
In each movement—each hue—
  Each noble and delicate feature,—
That, the more I find out—
The more strongly I doubt
  If earth holds another such creature!

CHRISTMAS.

—

BY RALPH RIGMAROLE, ESQ.

—

THAT pious—or rather *mince-pious* period,—or full stop of the year, has at length arrived—when numerous *knocks* tell us that it is *boxing* time, and the receipt of our new year's gifts make us perceive that Christmas is truly the *present* season. Now is every body worth a plum—and that too of the *current* coin; and now the minstrels in the night seldom allow us to close our eyes without dreadful

weights upon our minds. Now does the sight of cooks chopping herbs inform us it is the season for turkey; and people sit down to dinner, representatives of the allied provinces—*Hung'ry, Turkey* and *Chiny*. Now is our attention turned from the morning to the *midnight lark*, and the game during the dinner is enjoyed not more than the game after it. The time of our friends glides past in happy moments—and *so shall ours*, (social hours.) And now does the new year form,—comparatively speaking,—a new (*h*)*earer* in society. Now does Jack Frost appear a nice young man, and every lady we meet out has her "*chin chilly*." Now do our grandfathers with their families gather round the fire, tell of *hob* goblins, and wags ask their own conumdrums, but which being home-made—can't be made out.

We have to coin the few following, we hope we may say, *succeeding* ones ourselves;—however, we will not repine, for we know that, bad as they may be, if there be many visitors, there must be more than one *guest*:—

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STUDY FOR A HEAD—*AFTER* TOM CRIBB—ONE OF THE OLD MASTERS.

CONUNDRUMS;

OR,

STUDIES FOR HEADS.

—

WHY is a person pulling the cat's tail like his tea-pot when it's full?

Because his tea's-in it.

Why does a man when he's drunk see double?

Because he's half-see's-over.

Why is a promoted Curate like a basket?

Because he's made o' *W*icker.

Why is a potatoe that's not mealy like Dr. Jenner?

Because it's a waxy-natur'.

Why is a baronet's coat as good as himself?

Because he's a sir, and his coat's a sir too, (surtout.)

Why is a person likely to be found at his mother's sister's house?

Because it's one of his (h)aunt's.

What race of people are perfumed fellows like?

The Musky-wights, (Muscovites).

Why does a sailor long for a cruize?

Because he always anchors after it.

Why is a thunder storm good for a heavy atmosphere?

Because it's light'ning.

Why is a woman living up two pair of stairs a perfect goddess?

Because she's a second Flora.

Why are the days longer in Calcutta than they are here?

Because the (y)east makes every thing light.

Why is a Trichinopoli chain like a broken-down door?

Because it's come from the Hinges.

Why is tainted game like a tomtit?

Because it's a little eye.

Why is that which takes people to Llangollen

like giving six shillings for a Bandana silk handkerchief?

Because it's the "*valley*" of it.

Why is a boy that takes after his mother like a soldier?

Because he's a son of Ma's.

Why is ermine like Cornwall?

Because it's pretty fur.

Why is a person near his journey's end like a small parent?

Because it's a little farther.

Why is eating another's luncheon like boxing his ears?

Because it's having a slap at his chops.

Why is a cheap butcher's shop like the History of England in Oliver Cromwell's time?

Because it's full of the common-weal.

Why is a water-dog like any thing Spanish?

Because it's espanol, (a spaniel).

Why would a person dislike an ugly woman's patronage?

Because if she gave him her countenance it would be certain to put a bad face upon the matter.

Why is the impudence of a waterman like the spring near Cirencester?

Because it's the *sauce* of the Thames.

SAUCE OF THE NIG'ER.

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RUSHING TO THE POLL—A TERRIFIC PLUMPER.

AN ELECTION LETTER.

—

FAVOURED

BY THE EDITOR OF "FIGARO IN LONDON."

—

DEAR——

Our little borough being now no longer a close one, has been canvassed all over, and we have been visited by two *candidates*, so called, I should imagine, to signify that they *(h)ate candour*.

They both entered in carriages, and the Reformer found so much eagerness on the part of the inhabitants to rush to his *poll*, that he was obliged to let them have their way, and so taking the place of the horses, the people *drew* him on his own *canvas*. Unfortunately, however, their enthusiasm led them quite out of their line, and the popular candidate was upset just as he reached his inn, so that he was thrown out on the point of his being returned.

The Conservative went about offering bribes to the voters, and, in fact, trying to turn his *canvas* to account by converting it into a species of sale, *(sail:)* His offer of raising the wind only kicked *up* more dust than he had bargained to come *down* with; and, at most of the doors where he knocked, he was told it was impossible for him to come in.

The Reformer has therefore been elected, being the only one of the two who would accede to *pledges;* though both of them *spouted* to a degree which I never saw parallelled. The Conservative is the son

RAISING THE WIND.

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of our old Tory member, who was much addicted to *booty*, and the son is very likely to *step in his father's shoes*.

Your's ever.

STEPPING IN HIS FATHER'S SHOES.

SONNET,

Written in a Lady's Album.

—

BY RALPH RIGMAROLE, ESQ.

—

Write in your Album! how can I indite?
I may do wrong,—but seldom I do *write;*
I'm not one of the muses *fancy* men,
Nor am I sheep enough to like my *pen.*
Write in your Album! how can you, I pray,
Expect from an old cock like me a *lay?*
But did I try my hand, I'm sure you'd giggle,
The lay I penn'd would be such a *mad-riggle;*
For look yourself to any verse of mine,—
You'll soon see poetry's out of my *line.*
I should, you say, do better did I rehearse?—
Can I do better pray if I do *verse?*
And yet, by heavens! without thinking on it,
Hang me! if I've not really done a Sonnet!

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NOT PARTICULAR TO A SHADE.

STREET CRIES.

BY RALPH RIGMAROLE, ESQ.

"Bellow, horrida Bellow!"

I HAVE often listened with a vast deal of pleasure to the perambulating tradesmen of London crying their wares, or more properly speaking—following their *calling*. I recollect a short time after the sublime idea of the *Shade* of Napoleon visiting his tomb was published in this country, I was not un-

frequently turned from the *grave* to the gay by hearing the print both retailed and detailed in the following ludicrous strain:—"Ere's Napoleon a wisiting his tomb—for the small charge of one hawpenny." And often when a member of the *Bar Monde* has been tried at the Old Bailey and consigned to the hangman,—have I heard the account of the execution—a literal *ketch*-penny—hawked about the streets as, "the last dying speech and profession of the hinfortnit hindividle wot vas hexecrated this morning at the Old Billy for the small charge of one hawpenny:"—a piece of economy, by-the-bye, which would rather surprize some people who had heard that Sir R. Peel's Act made it impossible to hang a person under forty shillings.—Talking of the renowned Ketch and Old Bailey, brings to my mind the veteran Thomas Haynes, and the three yards of his "new and fav'rit songs," which are being continually bawled about the metropolis by an individual—the representative of Mr. T. H. B's fame, who requires no better trumpet than the penny one of his own well-known voice. I have frequent-

"BAR MONDE."

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ly followed this being through several streets, not a little pleased at the ludicrous manner in which he classes the heads of the different songs his 'three yards' contain:—for instance, "Ere you av 'em ere! three undrid hand fifty new hand fav'rit songs *for* a hawpenny. Ere's—

'Mary I believed thee true'—'Hookey Walker."

'Is there a heart that never loved'—'The King of the Cannibal Islands.'

'Barclay and Perkins' Drayman'—'He was fam'd for deeds of Arms.'

'Giles Scroggins courted Molly Brown'—'On the Banks of the Blue Moselle.'

'Auld Robin Gray'—'Adieu thou dreary pile.'

'I've kiss'd and I've prattled with fifty fair maids'—'Werry Pecooliar.'

'Deck not with Gems'—'Nancy Dawson.'

'Billy Barlow'—'Believe me if all those endearing young charms.'

'That lovely Girl'—'Judy Callaghan.'

'My merry Swiss Boy'—'What a shocking Bad Hat.'

'My love is like the red red rose'—'D'ye call that nothing?'

'I never can forget'—'The Dandy Dog's-Meat Man.'

'Bill Bounce'—'Do you ever think of me, love?'

'Barney Brallaghan'—'The Fireman Waterman,' and 'The Bold Dragoon,' with 'Sally in our Alley.'

'I have had a Pint of Sherry' with 'A Goblet of Burgundy,' and all for the small charge of one hawpinny!'"

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THE FISHMONGERS' COMPANY.

THE *LAY* OF THE LAST *LOBSTER.*

BY T. DIBDIN, ESQ.

Respectfully Dedicated to the Worshipful the Fishmongers' Company, of which the Author is an Unworthy Member.

The wind was fair as the Lobster Smack
Sail'd gaily up the tide,
And the crew look'd *blue* and the Lobsters *black,*
As to Billingsgate they hied.

For barges and boats together were cramm'd,
And thicker the throng still grew;
Till the road to the stairs was as frequently *dammed*
As the eyes and the limbs of the crew.

For the master he would brawl and ban,
And delighted to swear at his men;
He'd curse in a calm, but when squalls began,
He'd swear just as loudly again.

Then Fishmongers came on board that smack,
By one and by two and by three:
And off they did pack in sieve, basket, or sack,
All that lading of Lobst*erie*.

Live Lobsters to Lumber Court were dragg'd,
To be boil'd *quick* out of hand,
And many for Mister GROVE were bagg'd,
And for *Willows's* shop in the Strand.

And some as salad or sauce serv'd up,
Were destined to be on that day;

And some were saved for some that sup
When returning at night from the play.

Among the most famous for form and for size,
That lay on a Fishmonger's bulk,
Was a love-striken LOBSTER who *poked out his eyes,*
And withdrew 'em 'twixt sorrow and sulk.*

And boding that boiling might prove a sad bore
To a corner his cares he confined;
While a man, who had never beheld him *before,*
Miss'd him now, and so left him *behind!*

Tho' saved for the moment, to him 'twas much worse
Than death from his LADY to part,
For ev'ry *man Lobster,* (be't blessing or curse)
Has a lady attach'd to his heart!

---

* The Lobster can protrude and withdraw his eyes at pleasure.

The LAST of the LOBSTERS, thus left, look'd up sharp,
And his torments beginning to tell;
Cried, "you critics may *carp* at my song of a harp,
But my *lay* will sound best from my *shell*.

"And however sombre to sing or to say
Of my lost life and love, worse than all,
It *lays* heaviest *here** to reflect, my LAST LAY
Is to *lay* on a Fishmonger's stall."

(That the Lobster was wrong, in the course of my song,
I shall prove, for howe'er he was vex'd,
At length you will find, if to wait you're inclined,
The poor LOBSTER'S LAST LAY was his NEXT).

"Then," said he, "to be kidnapp'd and brought up to town
Like Skait, which they cruelly *crimp*,

---

* Clapping his claw on his heart.

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THE LIVELY SMACK—LOOKING OUT FOR SQUALLS

Or vile *Crabs*"—for on Crabs ev'ry Lobster looks
down;
Crabs on Crawfish, and Prawns on a Shrimp.

In his shell then he'd swell at rememb'ring her
charms,
Whose love on his passion had smil'd,
And whose thousands of offspring had bless'd his
fond arms
With a *coral* for every child.

Like *American* warriors (not *Yankies*) he sang,
His death-song divested of fear,
And the Fishmonger's warehouse with plaudits had
rang,
Had he *had* any audience to hear.

He sang of the warriors on whom he had fed,
What time *Nelson* conquer'd the foe,
And how many a head laid at morn on *dry* bed,
Which ere night found a *wet* one below.

He sang of deep waters, and mermaids and caves,
And whirlpools and eddies, and such
As await the bold seekers of watery graves
Who long for a war with the Dutch.

He sang of rich friends to whom lucky lot lends
Success, right or wrong, from each quarter;
And he sang of the fry of *poor* fish who may *try*,
But can't keep their heads above water!

He sang till the Fishmonger fellow return'd
With the Lobsters fresh boil'd from the pot,
And swore like a brute, while his fingers they burn'd,
They were all most infernally hot.

Then first our *black* hero, by fancy misled,
Saw his fair one, whose woes were now hush'd,
And not reading aright, how boil'd Lobsters are *red*,
Supposed at their meeting she blush'd.

"Ah! whence this emotion?" the lover exclaim'd,
"What means this high-colour'd alarm?
'Tis our tyrants, not you, should be sadly asham'd
That their treatment has made you so warm."

Then turning to clasp her, with extacy wild,
He the Fishmonger's finger held fast,
Who, in rage, *chuck'd* him into the cauldron,
where *biled*,
He LAY, and that LAY was his LAST!

CALL IT WHAT YOU WILL.

BY MISS ISABEL HILL.

WITHOUT a strong sense of the ludicrous, no one can attain the true sublime; for enthusiasts who know nothing of the world, but write from their own romantic feelings, are constantly wrecked on the rocks of absurdity by their unconsciousness of what they ought to avoid.

The Della Cruscan school of poetry is almost forgotten,—though Pope's 'Mild Arcadian' verses

by a person of quality anticipated—the Rejected Addresses celebrated,—the Bœviad and Mæviad concluded its existence; but to this day *mellifluous* numbers flow, unincumbered by meaning, keeping alive that kind of ridicule which may enable humourists of to-day to laugh at the caricature of a by-gone fashion.

Five and twenty years ago any lady who rhymed to a sentimental signature was a poet. One such I knew; the least poetical-looking personage to be imagined; that is, she was short, ill-made, fat, brown, snubbed, and with eyes that had no room to roll far.

Her education was very limited; but having read all that Mrs. Cowley, Mr. Merry, and Mary Robinson ever wrote, she could imitate them so successfully, that the editors of provincial papers getting her *Flights* for nothing, grudged not the trouble of correcting their orthography.

A young relative of hers, 'inherited,' she was pleased to say, 'her genius;' for my part I say nothing, but that the junior scribbler laughed im-

moderately at the intended compliment. They separated, and, after some time, the elder lady received the following letter from her pupil:—

Dear Mrs. E.,

I met with the accompanying lately; is it one of yours? I think it perfect—judge what I *shall* think, if you acknowledge it?

"The author's heartfelt respects await Mr. Editor, and should he deem the following effusion worth insertion, 'warm from the heart, and faithful to its fires,' I shall remember your gracious smile on my meandering muse with pride supreme—An untaught child of song."

"TO LOVE.

AN IMPROMPTU PASTORAL SONNET."

—

"Hope's matin chant, with bland control,
Was wont to cheer this suffering soul,
And erst its bright effulgence shed
Around this poor devoted head;

A CHILD OF SONG.

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What time joy's influence confess'd
This care-worn frame, and woe-fraught breast;
Then nature's pure voluptuous child
Trilled forth her native wood-notes wild,
Or bent with placid terror there,
To breathe august her tear-dimmed prayer,
Upon the silent ambient air!
But sordid clouds that ray benign,
Have chilled, and bid no longer twine;
My humble lays are tuneless all,
Nor mourned throughout this earthly ball;
My muse no longer decks the scene,
But ever quits this waste terrene,
For realms where tyrant reason's chain
No more usurps the tender brain,
For spheres unknown to erring hate,
Where Timotheus still were great!
Yet native worth, that cherished gem,
Tho' riven from its parent stem,
The small still voice may teach to scan
The path—to end where it began.

A moral balm let sage allusion show,
One universal strife is all below!

Extempore."

The Della Cruscan replied to her correspondent, "How can I thank my tenderly beloved young friend for her flattering delicacy?—Yes! I recognize my own poor lyre, with rapture; though how it crept into print I know not; for the MS. has long been committed to the flames." "So far so good," thought the sender, and instantly enclosed the verses and facts, without one comment, to a very hard-headed matter of fact derider of the poetaster.

This person's reply crowned all.

"I remember the trash—or some very like it, that I bade the driveller confine to fourteen lines, if she insisted on calling it a sonnet. How unconsciously she satirizes herself! but where is the wonder that she should know her own?"

Need I say that it was but an imitation, the closeness of which this second tribute confirmed?

The same wag once asked her Timouisa if she did not think these lines of Cowper,

'How fleet is the glance of the mind
Compared with the speed of its flight,'

singularly clear, significant, and original? The 'mild Arcadian' replied—"They must be so! for they are indeed awfully grand—mysteriously affecting—full of pious instruction!"

Some such a genius must have dictated the epitaph in Plumstead Church-yard, "which all who run, (down by the Woolwich coach) may read; —I forget to whom this choice morsel is inscribed —I remember but a few of its lines,—they go thus:—

Efficient duty, reminiscent grave,
Yet mild philanthropy a race may save!
What is this world? a rind, an atom void.
Sad sweets the lyre—pity *her* distress!—"

Without the least hesitation I assert, that, in many of the popular French and Italian works which turn the heads of youth, the fine words intended to extort tears, are strung together with just as little connexion, and, I must say, I think it

is very hard on we *would-be* comicals, that, do what we will, the 'deadly pathetics' are always a thousand times more laughable than we can be for our skins.

I. H.

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A VETERAN IN THE BLUES.

JOHN POLE,

A BALLAD.

BY RALPH RIGMAROLE, ESQ.

JOHN POLE he was a Life Guardsman,
None taller were or straighter;
No serjeant ever stood so high,
No major could be greater.

And far beyond the usual height
His lofty body wander'd;

For while beside the flag, 'twas plain,
He was above the standard.

The army never knew his like,
So well he'd fight and shoot;
Upon the field of war he'd stand,
Three horse and seven foot.

But John, alas! was far from proof
Against young Cupid's dart;
The serjeant drill'd his body, and
Love's arrow drill'd his heart!

A pretty maid he dearly lov'd,
But tho' the soldier got
Attach'd soon to his company,
The maid, alas, did not.

To make her his affianc'd bride,
He tried each soft assuagement;
He never long'd for battle like
He did for that engagement.

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SAL VOLATILE.

For *volatile* she lived alone,
Nor wished for Hymen's bands;
Choosing to stay upon her own,
And not a husband's hands.

He wrote a letter to her first,
Replete with all that's fond,
But she replied—"I'm short—you're tall,
So we can't correspond."

One morn, then, having dress'd himself,
Most gay from head to foot,
With all his regimentals on
He went and urg'd his suit.

Said she, "For such a lanky man
My hatred is most strong,
And did I wed you, I am sure,
I could not love you long."

"But though you may dislike me now,"
Said he, "you must confess,

If I were smaller than I am
You then would love me less.

" I never dreamt tho' that my height
Would curb your passion's strength;
For woman's love I thought would go
To almost any length."

In vain he talk'd of happiness,
With such a second Venus;
" Nonsense," said she, " there'll always be
A difference between us."

Yet little did he dream to see
His height give such displeasure,
For he had always thought the love
Of woman past all measure.

But soon he saw how vain it was
In sighs his time to spend;
For sigh'd he to eternity,
It would be to no end!

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THE COLD STREAM.

At length the cruel little maid
So prey'd upon his thought,
That he resolv'd to seek repose
With death—and nothing short.

And plunging in the Thames one day,
His life none could redeem;
So after twelve years in the Guards,
He went in the Coldstream!

A RORY TORY STORY.

—

BY T. DIBDIN, ESQ.

—

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

Although no *Tory*, yet my *story* needs no *oratory*, (which is quite *Consolatory*) to prove I am no Whig, not that I deem it *derogatory*, when placemen are so *predatory*, to be a little *peremptory*, in behalf of a *territory*, where the *refractory*, in every *Manufactory*, would make Parliament a *repertory*, *laboratory*, *consistory*, or *factory* of dissentions *interlo-*

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CONSERVATORY.

cutory, ending in *desultory*, *lachrymatory*, and *explanatory*, yet *unsatisfactory* apologies, so dull, as to make the *auditory* mistake the senate for a *dormitory*.

My private pursuits being *piscatory*, and my temperament *amatory*, I popped the lover's *interrogatory*, and received a famous hand from the Curate at the *Rectory*. But my wife's tongue proved not only *admonitory*, *exclamatory*, and *inflammatory*, but the truth of *history* requires I should own it sharp as a *bistoury*, and so very *objurgatory*, that it kept me in *purgatory*, and a law-suit becoming *depillatory*, I was obliged to be *fugatory*, for fear of being *nugatory*. At length Poverty placed me as it were on a *promontory*, which became the *observatory* of friends once warm as *pellitory*, (of Spain,) but now so changed, that not one of them will invite to his *refectory* one whose name is excluded from the Court *Directory*.

Though not so *adulatory* as an epistle *dedicatory*, you must allow me to be *congratulatory*, that your Comic *Conservatory*, wherever I am *am-*

bulstory, is praised by the *discriminatory*, and over others, that you may continue to gain the *victory* is the sincere wish of,

Yours,

VAL-E-DICTORY.

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A HUMBLE LAY.

THE LATE LADY B.

1832 has passed away, and with it some of the most illustrious characters of Europe. In the melancholy list of the departed, we find Bentham, Cuvier, Mackintosh, Scott, and Barrymore. All of these, but the last, have, at their exit from this mortal scene, left a bereaved world to proclaim their praises. The interest they had excited in life was increased at their death: the most vague information—the most trifling anecdotes, *relating to them*, were *related to others* with triumph and received with rapture. But in the case of feminine celebrity, not one humble lay has been composed; no pencil has as yet been employed to preserve the mere delicate touches of a character, the bold out-

line of which has, in its manifestations, so frequently startled a wondering people. We hasten to supply the void; and, in doing so, we shall remove strong existing prejudices against the fair subject of our paper.

Few persons, unacquainted with her in any other than her public character, would suppose her to have been a woman of a peculiarly feminine nature; but all who knew her intimately assert, that so gentle was her disposition, she was almost constantly found with *a drop in her eye*. Many would suppose from the turbulent eccentricity of her public life, that her temperament was far from gloomy: it is, however, an undoubted fact, that she was frequently reduced by *low spirits* to the most deplorable condition. She has frequently appeared before the public in *dram*atic characters; and, it must be admitted, that in passionate parts she was too much addicted to what, not only Hamlet, but a less fastidious critic, would call "tearing to tatters!" She was a great friend to all public institutions, and did more for the Westminster Hospital by her single

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A FANCY FAIR—THE PROCEEDS TO BE DEVOTED TO THE WESTMINSTER HOSPITAL.

arm, than was accomplished by the united efforts of the delicate hands, whose gossamer performances were disposed of, for the benefit of that institution at a late fancy fair. She was frequently seen in the metropolitan prisons; and that in visiting these miserable receptacles, she was influenced by the same feelings as actuated that excellent man, the benevolent *Howard*, the strongest proof is furnished by the fact, that on entering them she always mentioned his NAME with much emphasis and energy. We observe, with regret, that Lady Barrymore, in her political character, does not appear to much advantage. Inconsistency was her great fault. She was very inimical to reform. Like some celebrated statesmen, she would admit its propriety in the abstract, but always declared that the *constitution* was so inured to things as they were, that it could never thrive under a new regimen. Nevertheless, it was very evident that she and all those who *imbibed* her principles could never keep in the strait path, but followed courses of a very *revolutionary* character.—She professed herself warmly attached

to *liberal measures*, and has been known to express herself strongly against such as were brought forward of a contrary nature. She was much opposed to the establishment of the New Police, and always fought against it with great courage and effect. Her oratorical powers were of no mean order; without being essentially forensic, her style of eloquence was well adapted for the *bar*. She would bring to her aid all the powers of *the fancy*, and, thus assailed, few dared enter the lists against her. Of her public actions it is unnecessary to speak, they being so well known to all individuals of every class of society; we shall therefore conclude by observing, that she continued to perform those actions which have excited so much astonishment to the latest moment of her existence, which was prematurely closed by a too violent exercise of her physical powers, which caused a debility that not all the powers of physic could remedy.

X.

A SURGE-ICAL OPERATION.

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POKING OVER A LETTER.

O's AND R's.

BY ONE OF THE AUTHORS OF "DRAMATIC STORIES."

"MARK my words," said old Tobias Simpton, oracularly, while poring over a letter he had then just received from his son, a lad of 17—"Mark my words—and I say it, who should understand such things;—that boy Tommy will live to rue the wretched indecision of his writing! Mind, I tell you so! Look, Madge!—only look!"—And as he spoke, he thrust the letter over to his wife.—"Did you ever see such R's? and there's an O!—Would you ever,

Mrs. Simpton—and as the Mother of a family I put it to you,—would you ever dream of taking that invention for a Y?"

"I certainly *have* seen writing more distinct:" was the peace-making Mother's answer, with a terminating and still more pacific "but"—"Have seen writing *more* distinct! Madam—have you ever seen—I put it to you once again—writing *less* distinct?—The boy's a good boy, and clever; and truth is truth—but then his writing! Madge—Madge,—I do—I say I do feel that the boy's hand writing will bring me to my grave!"

Now old Tobias Simpton had past the better part of half a century in his counting house; for, not being above his business, he had been a thriving Merchant in his time, and truth to say,—he wrote a goodly hand; it was none of your irregular uncertain scratches—weak and wiry,—but a fair, honest, genuine round hand—"the *upper* strokes whereof were finer than the *down*." His lines did not meander unevenly across the page, but preserved, with each other, a parallel; and by them-

ABOVE HIS BUSINESS

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selves a precision, mathematically correct. Writing was the ruling passion of his life, and he would gratify that passion—caring not at what sacrifice of time. At the age of thirty he commenced copying the Encyclopædia Britannica, and at the period of his death, left but the last two volumes uncompleted.

With and without his pen old Tobias Simpton was a widely different creature. He looked upon this little implement as his confidential agent—his friend. The operations of making and mending were performed with artist-like care; the transformation from the rude quill to the elegantly finished instrument of writing, was effected by methodical and technical design:—the nibbing—the very acme of the art—was achieved with lightened eyes; and the "thing of many words" was created. At such a moment, old Tobias Simpton would be in his glory; no approved or approving judge of wine could be more delicately reserved in tasting the first glass of ruby port, with which he had been long coquetting to stimulate his palate, than was the in-

dividual we have named—in suffering his newly made pen to taste the ink. He would take it in his left hand,—not rudely—but with deference, and hold it up between his vision and the light, then he would press the well-formed nibs in playful dalliance on the thumb-nail of his right hand, pass them cautiously between his opened lips,—again expose them to the light; and then, his breath suppressed, suffer it to drop to the junction of the nibs, and not an hair's breadth beyond, into the very centre of the well-filled, and highly polished pewter ink-stand at his side; then, and I repeat it, was old Tobias Simpton in his glory: at other moments, when this idol of his life was not before him, he would be fretful, nervous, and ill-tempered—qualities foreign to his nature; and on such occasions he would fly with avidity to his pen to seek and find that consolation, others find in the excitement of the bottle. But this is all digression, for it is the son of whom I would chiefly speak; yet can it not be wondered at, that this deviation from paternal habit—this cutting off the entail as it were from the family pos-

session, should have wounded to the quick the feelings of the elder Simpton. But all was vain—expostulation—intimidation,—castigation, all were alike futile in their results, Master Tommy wrote too rapidly to write distinctly, and his father's heart waxed faint when he received a letter from him.

In vain he answered every new advertisement which professed in twelve lessons to make the most illegible writing perfect, "at the moderate charge of one guinea;" had the sum been ten—twenty—an hundred guineas, he would have paid it,—and cheerfully, to have produced "a consummation devoutly to be wished for." But fate willed it otherwise, and when Mr. Tommy Simpton was ushered into his one-and-twentieth year, his attempts at O's and R's were as ingenious and unlike as when he entered his seventeenth.

It chanced, when ninety years of age, that old Tobias Simpton died; prior to his death—for four-and-twenty hours—no words escaped him, although his thoughts seemed fixed on something which he would fain communicate; shortly, ere he breathed

his last, he motioned his son to stand beside him, "My son," said he, "Death is approaching me with rapid strides,—but we must all die, Tommy, sooner or later, all. You have been a good lad, a dutiful lad, Tommy, but—your writing,—your O's and R's!—Tommy, this is my death-bed; and I tell you, mark my words, for they may be the last I utter, that you will live to repent their indistinctness!" Such *were* the last words he ever uttered.

In possession of his father's fortune, Mr. Tommy Simpton purchased a retired cottage on the sea coast, and lived as became an independent gentleman. Zoology was his favorite study, and he spared neither money nor care to establish an efficient *Menagerie*. He had an agent at Bengal, formerly a clerk in his father's house, and to this gentleman he wrote directing him, he cared not at what cost, to purchase, and forward to him a few monkies of the Baboon-tribe; and to their arrival he looked forward with no small anxiety.

Now Tommy Simpton had a feeling heart, and often, in his solitude the dying words of his de-

WHITE BEAR, PICCADILLY

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ceased parent would occur to him, and the warning they contained was yet fresh upon his mind. Frequently too, while in the act of writing, they would stimulate him to attend more to the formation of his O's and R's than he hitherto had done.

Months rolled by, and at the expiration of some fourteen, as our Zoologist was taking his morning's meal, surrounded by young panthers and tame hawks, for he encouraged the familiarities of these "domestic things," as he was wont to term them, his servant informed him that a sailor without desired to speak with him: the sailor was admitted.

"Well, sir," said he, "I've brought the monkies!"

"Oh,—ah, from Mr. Jones?"

"Yes, sir, and a precious lot they are."

"Lot! why how many, friend?"

"Near upon a hundred, as I guess." But you'll read all about it here," and, as he spoke, he handed him a packet from his agent.

"A hundred monkies!" shrieked the terrified Zoologist, "Impossible!" and he tore away the seal. The letter ran thus:—

"Sir,—I duly received your favour of the 14th August last. I beg to inform you that I have only been able to purchase eighty-two monkies, and that, in consequence of the largeness of the demand, I have been compelled to give from three to five guineas each. I should have hesitated in doing this, but that your order, regardless of expense, was peremptory. I trust the speculation will succeed; the remaining twenty shall be forwarded per next ship, which will complete the order of one-hundred-and-two."

"A hundred-and-two!" ejaculated Mr. Tommy Simpton, throwing down the paper in despair,—"Good God! I wrote for (1or) two Monkeys not one naught two!"

"Your O's and R's couldn't have been very plain, Sir, as I guess," observed the sailor, smiling at the dilemma.

"My O's and R's," said the Zoologist, as the beloved spirit of his parent seemed to rise again with the warning voice, "Oh! father! thy prophecy is now fulfilled!"

A. W. A.

CORDIAL SPIRITS.

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ROUND HAND—FINE DOWN STROKE.

SKETCHES OF A PRINTER'S DEVIL.

—

BY RALPH RIGMAROLE, ESQ.

—

THE NEWSPAPER OFFICE.

"SEVEN shillings and sixpence," grunted a human crab-apple in the shape of a clerk to the——— Newspaper, as he superciliously cast his little grey eyes over a slip of paper, written in a bold round hand, 'Seven shillings and sixpence—appear to-morrow."

The individual to whom the above laconic growl was addressed, was evidently of Irish extraction; and the scrap of writing which he had tendered for

insertion, was as evidently an advertisement, but whether a list of 'BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY,' or a cure for 'SICK HEAD-ACHES AND NERVOUS COMPLAINTS,'—or whether it enumerated the comforts of some 'DESIRABLE APARTMENTS,' snug quarters to be entered on at Lady Day—or set forth the capabilities of the 'BUG DESTROYER TO HIS MAJESTY,'—or whether a catalogue of the amiable qualities of a bachelor disposed for 'MATRIMONY,'—or the announcement of a horse for sale, 'WARRANTED TO GO QUIET IN HARNESS,' it is impossible to say, but it was certain the demand of seven shillings and sixpence met with anything but the approval of the Irishman; for, raw as he was, he decidedly was far from desirous of being done.

"'Sivin shillin's an' sixpince, is it you say?' returned Paddy laying great emphasis upon the sixpence, 'Faix thin now do you think me sitch a born nath'ral as to submit to that, whin I paid but sivin shillin's, barrin' the sixpence last waak for the viritable same bit of print—so I did.'"

LADY DAY.

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"'It's nothing to me whether you paid sivin shillins, barrin' the sixpence last waak or not," said the acidulated drop of humanity, imitating the Irishman's brogue, "It's seven shillings and sixpence this 'waak,' any how, so if you don't like it—why it's easily settled, don't leave it.'"

"Don't lave it, did you say?" vociferated Pat.

"No, I didn't say any such thing," replied the clerk; "don't *leave* it, were my words."

"Will, isn't it all the same now, barrin a little diff'hrence in the phronunciashin?—Troth, an' I'd be afther bein' in a nice situashin thin if I didn't lave it—out of place for ivirlastin' shure enough—and longer there's no knowin'—but may-be you'd be afther tellin' me what makes it sivin an' sixpence this waak, whin it was marely the sivin blissid shillin' by thimsilves last?"

"Why, if you must know," grumbled Old Smelfungus, "you've put in something about an 'undeniable character,' and we always charge sixpence extra for that."

"Augh! that's it thin," returned the Irishman;

" you charge sixpince ixthra for thim indenhiable characthirs do you? There yer money thin, ould sour-krout, and divil the need you'll ivir have iv payin' the ixthra sixpince, I'm thinkin'. Good-day to ye, and betthir maunhirs when I saa you nixt."

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THE PRINTING OFFICE.

" How many columns are there composed, Mr. Pica?" inquired a tall thin young gentleman, apparently the Sub-Editor of the——

" Not more than a page and a half, sir," was Mr. P.'s reply.

" Indeed!—and how many advertisements can you muster?"

" Not much above two columns, sir, so that we must make out with the quack's 'DEFICIENCIES OF TEETH'—'GOUT AND RHEUMATISM'—'A REAL BLESSING TO MOTHERS,' &c. &c. &c."

" Well, there's a long speech of Lord Althorpe's just come in, which, I think, will make about a

A RISING YOUNG MAN, LIKELY TO GET FORWARD.

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column, you can intersperse it with five-and-twenty 'HEARS,' eleven 'GREAT AND CONTINUED CHEERINGS,' and six 'LOUD LAUGHTERS.'"

"Very well, sir."

"Who is there you can give it to?—what is Smith doing?"

"Smith, sir?—he's got an 'ATTACK OF THE CHOLERA' just to keep him from standing still."

"Very well;—and Brown—how is he employed?"

"Oh, he's taken up with 'ANOTHER GANG OF BURKITES,' sir."

"And Cox?"

"Cox, sir, has a hand in an 'IMPUDENT CASE OF SWINDLING.'"

"And Jones?"

"He's getting up a 'DREADFUL FIRE IN FLEET STREET.'"

"Why I thought that appeared yesterday."

"Oh no, sir; if you recollect, the 'FIRE IN FLEET STREET' was put out by the 'GREAT FALL OF RAIN AT IPSWICH.'"

"True, Mr. Pica, true; and what is Robinson about?"

"Why he, sir, is engaged in a 'DARING ROBBERY.'"

"Well, and Johnson, what is he doing then?"

"Johnson, sir, is taking part in a 'DIABOLICAL MURDER.'"

"Very well—they can't be better engaged, Mr. Pica; only get the speech done as soon as you can."

"Do you mind about the 'EXTRAORDINARY LARGE TURNIP' going in to-morrow? because if not, I can find a place for the 'THEATRICAL STARS,' and if the 'MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE' is postponed, there'll be room for 'LOVE AND SUICIDE.'"

"Very well; but you've more standing matter than that, Mr. Pica."

"Why, sir, there's the 'AMERICAN SEA SERPENT.'"

"Rather enumerate that under the head of *lying* than *standing* matter," said the Sub, interrupting him.

PHYSICAL FORCE.

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"Then there's the 'EXTRAORDINARY BIRTH,' 'THE INDUSTRIOUS FLEAS,' and 'THE DUKE OF YORK'S MONUMENT.'"

"Aye, let the 'EXTRAORDINARY BIRTH' and 'THE INDUSTRIOUS FLEAS' go in—they've been standing for weeks past."

"So has 'THE DUKE OF YORK'S MONUMENT.'"

"Yes, but that was intended to stand."

ONE OF THE LITTER EIGHTY.

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